Volume LXX CHICAGO, JANUARY 23, 1913 Number 21

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE WATCHER OF THE TOWER

"What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking? *comes* the wish'd-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."

"The stars are clear above me, scarcely one
Has dimm'd its rays in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see, on the horizon's verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."

* * *

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong,
And Right shall rule supreme and vanquish Wrong?"

"He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease:
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfetter'd as its God design'd."

"Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it:—tell us, yet again,
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?"

"It breaks—it comes—the misty shadows fly:—
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain tops reflect it calm and clear;
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near."

—*Charles Mackay.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1913. NUMBER 21.

O God, I cried, no dark disguise
Can e'er hereafter hide from me
Thy radiant identity!
Thou canst not move across the grass
But my quick eyes will see Thee pass,
Nor speak, however silently,
But my hushed voice will answer Thee.
I know the path that tells Thy way
Thro' the cool eve of every day;
God, I can push the grass apart
And lay my finger on Thy heart!

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky,—
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine thro'.
But East and West will pinch the heart
That cannot keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by.

—*Edna St. Vincent Millay.*

From Renascence.

A writer in *Farm and Fireside* gives the latest suggestion on how best to get rid of the English sparrow, who is so quick witted that he soon learns to evade traps or even poisoned grains, which, when used, are also a menace to the life of innocent birds and animals. This suggestion is, to steam oats until soft, then soak the grain in alcohol or whiskey, and carefully scatter it about, which the unwary sparrow, for all his English wit, devours with avidity, until soon he becomes so helplessly drunk, that he can be gathered up and disposed of in the most humane fashion available. This correspondent says, that during the winter of 1911-12, many hundred birds were so captured in Grand Rapids. Alas that the deficiency of wit to save victims from this trap is not confined to the sparrow! Let the human indulgents go to the sparrow and learn wisdom.

An interested and effective worker in the Peace movement writes to the Editor of UNITY, anent some recent editorial comment: "I think the time has come for those most earnest in the peace movement to get together and adopt an absolutely militant and irreconcilable program. The peace movement is being neutralized today by the adherence thereto of those who want large armies and navies and all other hideous things that make war inevitable." It is an open secret that the peace movement is being constantly beset by the subtile insinuations of those who believe that it is right to dream of disarmament and plead for arbitration on the one hand, and vote and work for battleships with all the accouterments of war on the other. It is time that this contradiction in the minds of intelligent people, and the worse contradiction in the votes of half-hearted and timid people, should be cleared up. In peace, as elsewhere, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." "They who are not for me are against me."

Miss Jessie E. Kimball, representative of the Audubon Society, 234 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass., makes official announcement that agents working in the malarial infested swamps of the South, have discovered fifteen new colonies of egrets, making now a total of thirty communities of these hunted birds,—as innocent as they are beautiful,—that have escaped the unrelenting persecution of the bird wearing gender. For, in the last analysis, the woman who wears the aigrette is the murderer of the mother bird at the time when the brood of little ones, so bereft, must necessarily starve. Nineteen of these colonies have been placed under guard already, and the count shows that nineteen hundred and forty-four snowy aigrettes have been protected. These represent the "aching void" on as many Easter bonnets. The Society urgently calls for ten thousand dollars as an emergency fund to secure the necessary field and warden forces to guard these newly discovered "last ditches" of a fast disappearing beauty line. It is proposed to vigorously enforce the laws against the traffic in these aigrettes where such laws exist, and further legislation in this direction is to be pushed in many of our states, and the Canadian provinces. Perhaps if women had the ballot they would take their Easter hats into more serious consideration, and vote right, even though their practice be wrong. It is to be observed that men voters do that once in a while.

Woodrow Wilson, the incoming President, should have the profound sympathy of every friend of "plain living and high thinking" in his almost solitary, and perhaps hopeless, battle against the undemocratic fuss, feathers and parade, that have been allowed to gather around the inauguration festival. That it should be an occasion of dignity, setting forth with due ceremony the solemnities and significance of the high office, goes without saying. But that such ends are achieved

by the clatter of artillery and the clanging of sabres, by the parade of jewels and elaborate display of costumes, of unspeakable variety in texture, form, and costliness, is an assumption offensive to all the dictates of philosophy, morals, and religion. Democracy is menaced by every encroachment of aristocratic extravagance and pretense, and no aristocracy is more offensive in a republic than the hollow aristocracy which money gives and which the army sanctions. It is quite the custom, in pulpits, on platforms and editorial pages, to speak approvingly of the simplicity of Thomas Jefferson, while at the same time those who deal in such platitudes, lend themselves to the conceits, affectations, and the foolish and wicked costliness of these functional displays possible only to wealth, and to an obsolete or obsolescent class. Let the incoming president be supported in his democratic aspirations by the sensible people throughout the nation. If he be allowed to realize his consistent democratic ideals, he will set an example of which the confused and silly realm of aristocracy throughout the world will take note. He can expect such support only from those who frankly admit that the dictates of common sense, simplicity and economy are the demands of morals and religion, as well as democratic products. Let President Wilson be sustained, that the apostolic line of Presidents may be extended from Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, to Woodrow Wilson and beyond.

An Early "Social Worker"

There is always something farther back and deeper down, in the story of every good thing in this world. It is our habit to think of Arnold Toynbee, in England, and Jane Addams, in America, as the founders of the social "Settlement" movement, and the first of "Social Workers" in the sense in which the term is now being used. All honor to these brave pioneers; the works they established were indeed vital seeds and they have grown into mighty trees with many branches,—like the mustard seed in the parable. But it is worthy of note that here, as in art, there were "masters before the Masters," which provoked the cry of Browning:

"For oh, this world and the wrong it does!"
"If you knew their work you would deal your dole."

As far back as in 1826, the Rev. Joseph Tuckerman, D.D., of Boston, after a successful pastorate of twenty-five years over a church in Chelsea, was invited by the Unitarian ministers of Boston to become "Minister-at-Large" among the needy, and he became the first true, as is claimed, "Social Worker" in that city. His work, of seven years, has never ceased from that day to this. In 1834 it culminated in the organization of the "Benevolent Fraternity of Churches," which still continues. The work was at first supported by a private association of gentlemen, which held stated conferences to discuss the meaning of benevolent action and religious interests; but it eventually passed into the hands of a group of ladies, representing the various churches, who became responsible for the small salary paid this Man-angel to the poor. This group of women was known as the "Tuckerman Circle." Their spiritual successors are represented by the "Social Service Council of the Unitarian women of Boston," under whose auspices is printed a beautiful pamphlet from which we gather the facts set forth in this editorial and the address printed elsewhere.

The ministry of Dr. Tuckerman covered many forms of enlightenment. Truant children were sent to school, wayward children trained in ways of thrift, a farm school was founded to help save some children from city perils. He formed groups of children for the study of natural history. In their homes, he taught women the ways of household economics and established higher standards of cleanliness. He sought work for the unemployed; was engaged in a ceaseless battle with intemperance; studied the jail conditions, and secured amelioration of the treatment of prisoners. It is claimed for him that he was among the first to differentiate, clearly, between poverty and pauperism. He organized the work which developed later into the "Industrial Aid Society," evetuating finally into the Associated Charity organization. He anticipated not only the clergy of his day, but also other representatives of the church, in interpreting religion not in terms of theology but in terms of social life. He anticipated the term "sociology" by a careful study of social conditions and the needs of society.

This work which was started eighty-six years ago, and still continues, found in the gifted Channing its adequate interpreter. Seventy-two years ago, he gave the introduction, at a memorial service for the lamented Friend of the Poor, which the "Social Service Council of Unitarian Women," referred to above, have reprinted in a pamphlet containing a portrait of this Man Settlement Worker with the clear eye and the thinking brow. On the title page of this pamphlet is a reproduction of the beautiful bronze statue of Channing, in its marble canopy, which now forms one of the most attractive out-of-door monuments, to be studied, in the Boston Public Gardens. In another column of this issue is reproduced Channing's address, under the title of "The Social Destination of Man."

THE PULPIT

SOCIAL EVOLUTION

From Tyranny to Democracy

A Sermon Preached by
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
at the
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO
January 5, 1913

Being the Third Sermon in the Course on
"Life on the Road, or, Whither Bound"

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer

Touch us this morning, O Father, with a consciousness of the brotherhood that binds us to the saints, the seers, and the sages, of all ages. Touch us, with a sense of kinship with the frailest and weakest of our kind. May that touch, Father, quicken in our hearts the love of the bortherhood that now is. Lead us into the brotherhood of suffering that we may share with the burden bearers. Lead us into the brotherhood of the solitary and the lonely, that we may give companionship and know the joys of comradeship. Lead us, O Father, into the brotherhood of gladness, that we may know the joy of life, the fullness of thy bounty, the inspiration and the radiance about us. We pray for the beckoning hand of the future, the call to duty, the joy of the service of the world. May our prayers pass through the gateway of words into the citadel of deeds, into the temple of life, that with the living we may ever praise thee, who art the living God, now and forever more. Amen.

Sermon

We have been studying life on the road, the living forces found on the earth. We have already traced the rise of the biped out of the worm, the development of brain out of brawn. This morning let us think of the triumph of Democracy over Tyranny; the combinations of life in the interest of the combined. Again we have an ample and inspiring field of study in the sub-human realm. Way down on the lower branches of the tree of life we find the beginnings of the community. We discover the triumph of individuals who learned to live together. We see on the lower branches of the tree of life an organized ant democracy. The bee realizes the communal life to a degree that shames the selfishness and egotism of man. On the higher branches of the tree of life we see the nobler birds flocking together, traveling in communities, making common cause against enemies and inhospitable surroundings. I recall with peculiar pleasure the observations of a plow-boy on a Wisconsin prairie, who would stop his team to study the rulings of a great flock of wild geese, that, on their way to summer lands, would alight to glean the harvested fields. While the multitude sought refreshment, the sentinels on the outposts forewent the pleasure of eating to stand guard. And at the first approach of what the sentinels deemed danger, the signal was given and the colony took to their wings and away. In those days the children of the pioneers in the clearings were taught their first lessons in co-operation in such sub-human realms. The master gander took the point of the wedge in the flying colony, breaking the air for the weaker and the younger ones, who followed. When the leader began to tire, he dropped back, taking his position in the ranks, and fresh wings battled with the air at the front.

And so we might go up and down the sub-human realm and realize that democracy, co-operation and communal life are rooted in the very law of progress. They are the gift of evolution.

Pioneers tell us that in the days when buffaloes gathered on our western prairies, the bull buffaloes would, in the face of danger, corral the non-competent element in the herd. After the calves and the cows were placed inside the combatants presented a solid front against their enemies. We are told that the mother cows in the heard learned to put their young ones in a creche, turning them over to the care of a few nurse mothers while they went out to graze and renew life. So persistent and strong is the law of democracy evidenced in the sub-human realm that we are given a certain kind of sociological warning from its working. For instance, travelers tell us that in the jungles of Africa, every now and then, there is developed a crusty, selfish old rogue, who will not submit to the communal interest of the elephant herd, with the result that he is driven out of camp, and the rest of his natural life must wander in the solitary wilds, discarded by his kin, and finally falls an easy victim to his enemies. The same kind of sociology obtains, we are told, in the communal life of the beaver,—that brother of ours in furs, that has set us so many good examples in co-operation. The beavers have learned to build their dams together, to furnish their homes together, but in such a community, once in a while, you come upon a solitary member, some crusty old bachelor, who refused to submit to the communal life and so has been driven out. He is known to scientists and travelers as the "bachelor" beaver. The undemocratic elephant is known as the "rogue elephant."

The beasts of prey, the snakes, the tigers, the lions, lead a solitary life, ready at the slightest provocation to attack one another. The undemocratic are doomed by a law inside their own race and kin, were they not doomed by the higher ethics, of which I spoke last Sunday. The wit that is solitary clutters this old earth; is not other than rubbish; it is doomed! So the skillful, who will not share their lives, are the enemies of progress. Those who are deaf to the call of Brotherhood, be it in the animal or vegetable world, are doomed if they do not, soon or late, submit themselves to the domination of brain, and contribute, in one way or another, to the development of reason, thought, and life. So we see that the law of democracy is rooted deep in the nature of things, and it is realized in a wonderful way down there on the sub-human branches of the tree of life.

Only a few weeks before his death John Fiske, after recounting the great reach of constructive energy that is found in the upright form, the free forearm culminating in the hand with the thumb, and the music box in the throat, said that physical evolution must have reached its climax. There is nothing more to be expected except the perfection and maintenance at its maximum of this wonderful tenement of the mind. Then he asked: "Is the process of evolution completed? Has the constructive energy of the world nothing more to do for us?" He says: "No." Now is to begin the last great drama of evolution. The perfection of the individual we have reached; but the perfection

of the community, the development of the state, the climax of a social organism worthy the individual organism, is on the way. Here we have the story of man struggling up through despotism, through oligarchy, aristocracy, monarchy, to democracy. Now, we do not need to take council of the scientist in his laboratory, or to observe life in the sub-human realms. We have but to open the pages of human history anywhere and study it with free mind and we see the state rising into power,—aggressive potency,—under the domination of the strong man. We have many illustrations in ancient history of the rule of the strong individual; the absolutism of men who, by the exercise of selfish power, climbed to the top; and whose long and unilluminated experience, is but the story of tyrants and their spectacular achievements. Tyranny built the mighty pyramids, lifting their apexes higher than any structure reached by men in the history of the world, until within the last generation. The Eiffel Tower, the Washington monument, and some of the sky-scraping buildings now in New York, perhaps elsewhere, have, alone, outreached toward heaven the old pyramids of Egypt. But the pyramids were built by tyrants, who founded these monuments, which they hoped would defy time, upon the writhing bodies of millions of slaves. Generations of human beings were crushed under the rollers that carried the great blocks of granite to their places in the mighty man-made monuments.

The triumph of mind, as studied in the pages of history, assumes higher and rarer illustrations than the grim pyramids of Egypt. For by the same power were the Hanging Gardens of Babylon planted and nourished. By the same power were the great Winged Lions of Nineveh carved. By the same power the earlier waters of the Mediterranean were made spectacular by the sails of an ancient Phœnician commerce. Aye, by the same power, lest us confess it sadly, was the Greek column perfected, and the incomparable temples reared on the Athenian hills.

So I say to the short-sighted historian, and the student of human achievements at short range, "Here is found an argument that justifies the rule of the strongest, that seems to condemn democracy, which, according to the logic of aristocracy, levels downward." But the glory of Babylon and Nineveh is gone, and the achievements of their tyrants discovered by the spade that digs into sand heaps gathered by the centuries. The grim stones in the valley of the Nile have outlived the names of their builders, or, if remembered at all, they are remembered only with contempt and pity.

There comes then a time when the rule of tyrants must give way to the rule of aristocrats—the favored class, the lords of the human state.

What mighty results have been reached by the rule of the aristocrats! The modern history of Europe reflects the rise of aristocracy, but that is only a passing stage on the upward march of life. Whatever may be the destiny of humanity, whatever may be the far reaches of evolution, as we see it unfolding itself in the story of humanity, we are sure of one thing,—that it is not toward the rule of the favored few. There is nothing in the nature of things that establishes an aristocracy, either of birth, of wealth, or of brain. Soon or late, all these aristocratic groups, under the disinterested workings of a law more subtile than anything that can be put on human statute books, must crumble; the arstocrats have got to go! They will go by virtue of a law of the universe, that is working as silently and inevitably as the forces that laid the foundations of the earth. They will go,—like those clumsy reptiles of prehistoric ages that I have talked about, that cumbered the ground,—because they are in the way of a better and a higher order.

We are here today to realize if we can the slow but sure coming of democracy, the slow but sure disintegration of all society that is not based on comradeship and brotherhood. The fell forces may work for a while. Brains may lend themselves to the arstocratic. Brains do lend themselves immeasureably to wealth getting. The man who would corner the forces of nature; who would grab the resources of the field; who would claim by his mere presence, or his early arrival, the unmeasured wealth of the mountains, the unharnessed resources of the forests, and the incalculable energy of the rivers, does succeed marvelously. The resources of nature lend themselves to brains. Brains, in turn, have lent themselves ungrudingly to selfishness; they have put the mines into the possession of the few; they have allowed land grabbers to devastate the forests of America, as, centuries ago, they allowed them to devastate the forest crowned hills of Asia Minor and the plains and valleys of the Euphrates and the Ganges. Brain does lend itself to the tyrant, the wealthy, the aristocratic. But as I said before, there is a force in nature, behind, beyond and underneath anything we can call human force, that in the ultimate will veto the enactments of the aristocrat, will undermine the strongest structure based on class.

The democracy that is slowly coming has been in the world from the time that the bees swarmed together. A democracy has been "becoming"—which is the latest word for creation,—ever since the beasts learned to stand with one another. This force is undermining thrones, defeating combines, and disintegrating the arstocracy of the world; whether it be the aristocracy of blood, the aristocracy of wealth, or, highest and saddest of all, the aristocracy of brain—saddest, because up there on the higher branches, brain ought to know better. The righteous use of reason ought to expose the infidelity, the atheism, of any political system that sets itself against the mighty trend of nature, whose methods can be partly realized by studying the rock stratas under our feet, formed millions of years before the upright biped, man, appeared.

It is not a question of political economy, of tariff, or of conquest, as to whether a system of government based on the triumph of physical strength, of brain, or of capital, is to endure. The flag of democracy is to float over the citadels of humanity. And though men may belie their obligations, ignore their duties, accept the easy and short reaching triumphs of the conqueror, and in the name of progress, or of the United States of America, claim "possessions" and prattle about "dependencies," all such pretensions are doomed to defeat, elected for destruction, because back of them lies no investment of prophetic insight. When the age of prose comes into the life of any nation, to discount and to deny the inspiration of poetry, then that nation is in league with death. It is doomed to die! Measure the po-

tency of Great Britain by its poets and its prophets, —those, even, within the memory of some still living,—Tennyson and Browning, Carlyle, Gladstone and Ruskin, and we feel that Great Britain is in touch with deathless things; in league with destiny. But study the Great Britain that despises and discounts the messages of its seers; that trusts its power and its hold on the future to the columns of figures that represent the accumulations in London banks; that trusts its destiny to its battleships, and we feel that Great Britain, with all its glory, is doomed.

Measure the United States by the deliverances of its seers; study it in its prophetic age, when Emerson and Lowell and Whittier plead for the rights of the enslaved and thundered against tyranny at home and abroad; and we feel that the United States is with the inheritance of Plato and Socrates at their best. The United States under such leadership is in league with the Bible makers. They are in the later brotherhood of Isaiah, Jeremiah and the rest of them. But if we come upon an era in the history of the United States when these prophetic voices are distrusted and dismissed as being too idealistic; if we find lawmakers shrinking in the presence of what they consider insurmountable difficulties and great menaces born out of the declarations of democracy, would fain recall the mighty trumpet voices of progress, declare the Declaration of Independence itself, —the great Magna Charta of modern Democracy—a "thing of sentiment," unreal and unsound, then will come the end of our national greatness. Should the time come when we would fain recall the mighty inspiration of fifty years ago last Wednesday, which sounded the knell of negro slavery, and rang the bells of democracy in clearer and sweeter tones than had ever before been heard in our land; a time when we would feel no shame over having dealt in four million human beings as chattels, selling them like cattle on the auctioneer's block, herding them like sheep in a barnyard,—then will be the time of our national degradation. Then will come the time for us to die.

But democracy for the United States cannot be realized until there is a democratization of the world. The white man will never find his place in civilization until he moves up and makes room for whatever black and yellow brother there may be pushing upward from the rear.

Our friends in Washington have been raising the cry of alarm over the immigration that is coming into the United States. They remind us that at this stage of the game, when we have ninety, instead of three million inhabitants within our borders, we will have to be careful how we let in the outside world, lest there should not be enough to go round. We may be congested even as they are in India and China and the overworked acres of Europe. If, knowing the purpose of the Almighty as revealed in the law of evolution, we are concerned only with this piece of the footstool which lies between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the reasoning is right. But I, for one, would not belong, if I was allowed to choose, to a nation whose triumph was based on the destruction or congestion of other nations. The menace of the United States today is not overcrowding, but over-landlordism. The claiming of enormous areas of the great out-of-doors, tilled or untilled, by a few. This world is not overcrowded by humanity, but is over-claimed by a few. The big real estate man, whether an American speculator, an English duke, a Mohammedan sheik, or Hindoo rajah, is undemocratic, and consequently must pass out of existence, like other predatory animals.

I would not guard the well-being of the nation, of which I claim to be one, by shutting the gates of trade against a brother laborer, and keeping him in the dark and overcrowded realms of Europe or Asia. Herein lies the unanswerable and final arraignment of wealth and the aristocracy resting thereon, —it is undemocratic until there is enough to go round. Luxuries are a menace to one who can enjoy them in the presence of misery and want. Independence and ease undermine our homes if we can sleep well at night, knowing that across the street, across the river, or across our boundaries, women and children are living the miserable lives of the over-worked and the underfed.

Democracy is a great claim. It is not the patron saint of the United States except in so far as the nation is willing to carry out its logic and share with the forlorn on the other side of the globe. "No room for more folks in the United States!" And still individuals claim whole counties of real estate and number in their farms thousands of acres. No room in the United States for those robbed by mighty wrongs on the other side? Then the United States will be defeated in its selfishness, in its undemocratic reaches.

I like to remember—it was in 1864, was it?—when the International Association of Workingmen was organized in London, under the direction of Karl Marx, thereby giving the first dignified recognition to the word "internationalism." The working men there assembled were compelled to recognize, under the strain and stress of life, that their cause was identical with the cause of their fellows throughout the world. There is no ultimate success to the blacksmith of America until he makes common cause with the blacksmith of Russia. The school teacher of the United States will not find her footing until she is willing to recognize as sisters those who seek to advance the cause of enlightenment in India, and who would fain build schoolhouses in darkest Africa. The cause of democracy is the cause of internationalism.

Now, you piece it out as you can. We go into detail and then we get into trouble. Talk about your "tariff," and your "protection of infant industries," and your guarding of the labor of the United States, all of which represents the unscientific logic of the purblind spirit who has not yet risen to a sense of the universal brotherhood that encircles the globe. Free trade the world round! Pull down your custom houses!! Turn out your tax collectors at the ports! Let us realize as soon as possible Emerson's dictum that "that cannot be good for the bee that is not good for the swarm," and in this case the United States is the bee, if you please, and humanity the swarm. That cannot be good for the United States that is not, in the long run, making for the good of humanity. There is room in this world for a great many more human beings than are now inhabiting the footstool, if only the game of life be played fairly. Thousands and millions of acres in the United States are claimed by the aristocracies, whose only credentials, scientifically speaking, lie in the fact that they played

the game of life selfishly. They did not follow the example of the leading gander in the flock of wild geese, by assuming the hardest place, for the benefit of the weaker things that were following along in the flight of human progress.

"All this is ideal," you say, and "will not work." I retort with Tolstoy's words: "You say the Golden Rule will not work, has the iron rule worked much better? Has the rule of selfishness, the game of greed and the power of wealth achieved by selfish means worked so very well? Have these worked for anybody's advantage or for anybody's peace of mind. Tolstoy, with crushing logic and overwhelming figures, has shown us how the rule of the powerful, the domination of the sword, has strewn the centuries with human wrecks, caused continents to be stained with human blood, pushed empires to speedy death. And then up bobs our modern philosopher and says: "O but your ideals do not work." Have the others worked? Have the acquired millions brought the peace that millions are supposed to represent? Have the countries conquered and conquering by the sword profited by that sword, or ever lent themselves to the further, higher, triumph of the world?

My contention this morning is simple: That life is on the road, that it is slowly passing out of tryranny, and that democracy is possible only as it becomes the dream of the race and the ideal of the noble, everywhere and always. And the so called "success," "wealth" and "safety," which are secured on any other lines than those the prophets have foreseen, the poets have sung and the sages declared, will be a delusion and a snare in the future, as they have been in the past.

There was a time when the wild pigeon was the most social of American birds. It made beautiful, vast areas in this northern country of ours. There may be those now living,—or their immediate forbears,—who remember when the pigeons used to form great colonies in the woods of Michigan, to rear their young with a beauty and wisdom almost human. Who has ever watched the wooing of the wild pigeon and listened to the cooing of the shy mourning dove of our northern woods, without feeling he was peeking into family affairs. They are so human, so like the best in the human. But where now are the pigeon cities of Michigan? Where now the great colonies of those beautiful birds? The pigeon is almost extinct. He is a rarity, or probably wholly unknown, among the valleys of Wisconsin where, as a boy, I used to delight in the great regimental visitations; if a few have survived they have learned by bitter experience to fly alone, to seek seclusion. The social instinct of the pigeon has been destroyed.

The same lesson is curiously taught by observers of the beaver colonies in Virginia. In the ante-bellum days, all the "gentlemen" of Virginia delighted in using the gun more than anything else; those were the days when hunting was the accomplishment of youth. So relentlessly did these gentlemen of the aristocracy pursue the beavers, as game, that the latter reluctantly abandoned their communal life. They learned to live alone, sought security in obscurity, and beaver dam building became a matter of history. But observers tell us that when these boys of Virginia found game more inspiring, and devoted their powers to the killing of men instead of beavers; when in post-bellum days they abandoned hunting forever, and, led by the great master, Robert E. Lee, applied themselves to problems of life, the beavers began to reestablish their communities in Virginia. You can now find beaver dams there that are modern creations, refreshingly up to date. You understand you must make the application, my time has gone.

What was it that broke up the pigeon communities of America and the beaver colonies of Virginia? The interference of the barbaric instincts of fellow beings, other bipeds wearing woven goods instead of feathers or furs.

What has become of the beautiful colonies of herons that were wont to adorn the great cypress groves of Louisiana, where they gathered under the inspirations of creative nature, to woo, to wed, to give birth to their young, and to rear them in beauty and seclusion? The heron colonies are almost things of the past, and many that remain fly by themselves, and breed as they may, in obscurity. Have they disappeared because of communism, because the instinct of democracy defeated them? No, but because a vicious intruder broke into their camp, all the more vicious because more endowed with brains and skill. There came into this heavenly community of birds, the hunter, who sought a convenient place between the knees of some ancestral cypress, from whence, with an air-gun well nigh silent, he picked off the mother birds at his pleasure and his ease, until his greed for the day was satisfied. Then he laid aside his gun and with dextrous hands snatched the coveted plume and threw the mangled bodies, still bleeding and alive, into great heaps, to make pestilential the atmosphere and gruesome the air, filled with the cries of orphan babes, crying mama! mama! for the mother that never came. All because her nuptial plume, most rare and dainty of feathers, was coveted by an undemocratic enemy of the beautiful. And this time the offense to civilization comes from woman. She wanted that aigrette to decorate her Easter hat, which nods devoutly when the name of the Prince of Peace is spoken.

O! the undemocracy of it! O the cruelty of it! This lawlessness, that has invaded the sanctity of pigeon life, destroyed the community of the beaver, and made almost obsolete the life of the beautiful heron, slain when most crowned with nuptial beauty. There is a movement up on the tree of life which portends the crushing of these aristocracies, and we are groping towards a triumphant democracy such as the world has never yet known. A democratic world, co-operative and non-military. Let those of us who are permitted to occupy these higher branches on the tree of life take heed of the law of progress, take note of the field of social democracy which is being evolved, not only out of the creative past, but by a universal law forcing us toward the state where the people rule. That form of government which the great Lincoln invoked in words borrowed from Theodore Parker, "of the people, by the people and for the people."

May I bring this down to date before I dismiss you. The sermon that is not capable of being applied to the interests of the time and place in which it is spoken, falls short of its purpose. You have been reading the papers, you remember how last Monday

the Mayor of Chicago refused to see a delegation of between two and three hundred ministers, concerning a matter of great civic importance to the community which these ministers represent. He refused to see them on the score of lack of a previous appointment, and the intimation that *he* was "running the city." In that refusal he assumed the role of an autocrat befitting the stage of government that was represented by the Czar of Russia,—before his power was limited by a constitution,—and is now represented by the Grand Llama of Thibet. These ministers, representing the religious organizations of all denominations and of various languages, came direct from an adjacent "town meeting," called for the purpose of entering a protest against certain promised violations of a city ordinance, on the part of city officials. This meeting was widely noticed by the press of the city and the purpose and intention of the same fully explained. This aristocratic remoteness of an official of a democratic government argues either an arrogant mayor or an insignificant ministry. Which was it?

These ministers visited the city hall in order to enter the most emphatic protest possible against the avowed declaration of the chief of police to suspend the city ordinance which requires that all places where alcoholic drinks are sold within the city limits be closed at one o'clock in the morning, after which hour no one be allowed to remain at the place of selling, except employes. It further requires that at that hour all shutters and blinds are either to be raised or taken down, so that the interior shall be open for inspection from the street. This closing to be enforced until five o'clock in the morning. This ordinance was to be suspended, according to the promise of the Chief of Police, on New Year's morning, to the extent that parties at these places of carousal at one o'clock would be allowed to remain inside until three o'clock in the morning, to consume the stock of liquor already purchased. It is hard to account for this "snub" to the accredited representatives of organized religion in this city of about one thousand churches, except on one of the following theories:

First—That the Mayor, for the time being, overlooked the fundamental principle of democracy, which makes him the servant, and not the tyrant, of the community that has delegated to him for a brief time a high trust,—the enforcement of law.

Second—That the Mayor was guilty of moral cowardice. Conscious that this was an open declaration of the intention to suspend one of the city laws which he was sworn to enforce, he did not care to face the demand of the representatives of law and order and the organizations that are in league with civilization. He had not the courage to offer a defence of the suspension of ordinances which, if ever needed, are needed on New Year's Eve, when the carousal spirit is at its maximum in this city. But Mayor Harrison is not to be suspected of cowardice. On many occasions he has displayed fine courage and high independence. On many lines he has shown a commendable zeal for the rights of the people.

Third—A further explanation is found in the suspicion that in the mind of the Mayor, as of many public officials, the ministers of Chicago represent a negligible quantity in the political life of the community. There is an assumption, on the part of many would-be representatives of politics and business, that the churches and their ministers are wanting in virility; so deficient in coherency, strength and organized power, that they need not be reckoned with when poltical issues are involved. Does the Mayor represent the class which is so much more solicitous over the good will of "The Boys" of the ward gangs, than of the "men" who, on election days, as on other days, intend to vote and act as gentlemen?

Fourth—One more explanation presents itself, namely, that behind this open insult to law on the part of public officials, there must be a tremendous "push," or "pull," either in the way of dollars, or votes. I cannot believe that this violation of oaths of office, on the part of city officials, was primarily a concession to rowdyism; nor to the high-stepping wealthy class,—the "newly rich," the silly rich, and the lecherous rich, who alone were accommodated by the high priced privileges of the New Year carousal, which made our city notorious the next morning. There was an enormous commercial consideration at stake. The profits accruing to the hotels, cafes and saloons must have been potent somewhere, either in the way of money, or of votes, expressed in past or prospective favors.

The official who refused the courtesies which belong to democracy, to his ministerial visitors, it is presumed had granted many conferences to those who secured a "suspension of the rules." We *know* the class that were refused admission to his Mightiness, the Mayor. We persist in believing that the constituency they represented, represents, also, a large part of the decent people, the public spirited citizens, of Chicago. We do not know why those were received who were admitted, perhaps through the backdoors, whose petitions were granted in the way of an undemocratic concession to debauchery.

Democracy, the last reach of civilization, is inseparably connected with morals, the sobrieties and the sanctities. Whether in the beehive, on the beaver dam, or among the nations of men, the children of the Eternal are brothers and sisters in the Kingdom of Brotherhood, and they must confess their kinship and live up to its requirements, or, get out of the way.

May the joys and inspirations of bortherhood, Father, be ours this morning, to protect the faith that comforts. Amen.

CALIBAN IN THE COAL MINES.

God, we don't like to complain;
We know that the mines are no lark;
But—there's the pools from the rain,
But—there's the cold and the dark.

God, You don't know what it is;
You, in Your well-lighted sky,
Watching a meteor whiz—
Warm, with the sun always by. . . .

God, if You had but the moon
Stuck in Your cap for a lamp,
Even you'd tire of it soon
Down in the dark and the damp. . . .

Nothing but blackness above,
And nothing that moves but the cars—
God, in return for our love,
Fling us a handful of stars!

—*Louis Untermeyer.*

In New York Independent.

The Social Destination of Man

An address by William Ellery Channing. Reprinted from pamphlet issued by the Social Service Council of Unitarian Women of Boston. See Editorial page—

Why is it, my friends, that we are brought so near to one another in cities? It is that nearness should awaken sympathy; that multiplying wants should knit us more closely together; that we should understand one another's perils and sufferings; that we should act perpetually on one another for good. Why were we not brought into being in solitudes, endowed each with the power of satisfying to the full his particular wants? God has room enough for a universe of separate, lonely, silent beings, of selfish unshared enjoyment. But through the whole range of nature we find nothing insulated, nothing standing alone. Union is the law of his creation. Even matter is an emblem of universal sympathy, for all its particles tend towards one another, and its great masses are bound into one system by mutual attraction. How much more was the human race made for sympathy and mutual aid! How plain is the social destination of man, born as he is into the arms of love, sustained from the beginning by human kindness, endowed with speech, and plunged among fellow-beings to whose feelings he cannot but respond, into whose hearts he yearns to pour his own, and whose rights, feelings, and interests are commended to his regard by a law of love and justice written within him by a divine hand! Can we ask why such beings are gathered into cities? Is it not that they should propose a common weal? Is it not that they should desire and seek each other's highest good?

What is the happiest community? What the city which should be chosen above all others as our home? It is that, the members of which form one body, in which no class seeks a monopoly of honor or good, in which no class is a prey to others, in which there is a general desire that every human being may have an opportunity to develop his powers. What is the happiest community? It is not that in which the goods of life are accumulated in a few hands, in which property sinks a great gulf between different ranks, in which one portion of society swells with pride and the other is broken in spirit, but a community in which labor is respected and the means of comfort and improvement are liberally diffused. It is not a community in which intelligence is developed in a few, whilst the many are given up to ignorance, superstition, and a gross animal existence, but one in which the mind is so reverenced in every condition that the opportunities of its culture are afforded to all. It is a community in which religion is not used to break the many into subjection, but is dispensed, even to the poorest, to rescue them from the degrading influence of poverty, to give them generous sentiments and hopes, to exalt them from animals into men, into Christians, into children of God. This is a happy community, where human nature is held in honor, where, to rescue it from ignorance and crime, to give it an impulse towards knowledge, virtue, and happiness, is thought the chief end of the social union.

It is the unhappiness of most large cities that, instead of this union and sympathy, they consist of different ranks, so widely separated as, indeed, to form different communities. In most large cities there may be said to be two nations, understanding as little of one another, having as little intercourse, as if they lived in different lands. In such a city as London the distance of a few streets only will carry you from one stage of civilization to another, from the excess of refinement to barbarism, from the abodes of cultivated intellect to brutal ignorance, from what is called fashion to the grossest manners; and these distinct communities know comparatively nothing of each other. There are travelers from that great city who come to visit our Indians, but who leave at home a community as essentially barbarous as that which they seek, who, perhaps, have spent all their lives in the midst of it, giving it no thought. To these travelers a hovel in one of the suburbs which they have left would be as strange a place as the wigwam of our own forests. They know as little what thousands of their own city suffer, to what extremities thousands are reduced, by what arts thousands live, as they know of the modes of life in savage tribes. How much more useful lessons would they learn, and how much holier feelings would be awakened in them, were they to penetrate the dens of want and woe and crime a few steps from their own door than they gain from exploring this new world! And what I say of London, is true also of this city in a measure. Not a few grow up and die here without understanding how multitudes live and die around them, without having descended into the damp cellar where childhood and old age spend day and night, winter and summer, or without scaling the upper room which contains within its narrow and naked walls not one, but two and even three families. They see the poor in the street, but never follow them in thought to their cheerless homes or ask how the long day is filled up. They travel, in books at least, to distant regions, among nations of different languages and complexions, but are strangers to the condition and character of masses who speak their native tongue, live under their eye, and are joined with them for weal or woe in the same social state. This estrangement of men from men, of class from class, is one of the saddest features of a great city. It shows that the true bond of communities is as yet imperfectly known.

The happy community is that in which its members care for one another, and in which there is especially an interest in the intellectual and moral improvement of all. That sympathy which provides for the outward wants of all, which sends supplies to the poor man's house, is a blessed fruit of Christianity; and it is happy when this prevails in and binds together a city. But we have now learned that the poor are not to be essentially, permanently aided by the mere relief of bodily wants. We are learning that the greatest efforts of a community should be directed not to relieve indigence, but to dry up its sources, to supply moral wants, to spread purer principles and habits, to remove the temptations to intemperance and sloth, to snatch the child from moral perdition, and to make the man equal to his own support by awakening in him the spirit and the powers of a man. The glory and happiness of a community consists in vigorous efforts, springing from love, sustained by faith, for the diffusion through all classes of intelligence, of self-respect, of self-control, of thirst for knowledge and for moral and religious growth. Here is the first end, the supreme interest which a community should propose,

and, in achieving it, all other interests are accomplished.

It is a plain truth, and yet how little understood, that the greatest thing in a city is Man himself. He is its end. We admire its palaces, but the mechanic who builds them is greater than palaces. Human nature in its lowest form, in the most abject child of want, is of more worth than all outward improvements. You talk of the prosperity of your city. I know but one true prosperity. Does the human soul grow and prosper here? Do not point me to your thronged streets. I ask, who throng them? Is it a low-minded, self-seeking, gold-worshipping, man-despising crowd which I see rushing through them? Do I meet in them, under the female form, the gayly decked prostitute or the idle, wasteful, aimless, profitless woman of fashion? Do I meet the young man showing off his pretty person as the perfection of natures works, wasting his golden hours in dissipation and sloth, and bearing in his countenance and gaze the marks of a profligate? Do I meet a grasping multitude seeking to thrive by concealments and fraud? An anxious multitude, driven by fear of want to doubtful means of gain? An unfeeling multitude, caring nothing for others, if they may themselves prosper or enjoy? In the neighborhood of your comfortable or splendid dwellings are there abodes of squalid misery, of reckless crime, of bestial intemperance, of half-famished childhood, of profaneness, of dissoluteness, of temptation for thoughtless youth? And are these multiplying with your prosperity and outstripping and neutralizing the influences of truth and virtue? Then your prosperity is a vain show. Its true use is to make a better people. The glory and happiness of a city consist not in the number, but the character of its population. Of all the fine arts in a city, the grandest is the art of forming noble specimens of humanity. The costliest productions of our manufactures are cheap compared with a wise and good human being. A city which should practically adopt the principle that man is worth more than wealth or show would gain an impulse that would place it at the head of cities. A city in which men should be trained worthy of the name would become the metropolis of the earth.

God has prospered us, and, as we believe, is again to prosper us in our business; and let us show our gratitude by inquiring for what end prosperity is given and how it may best accomplish the end of the giver. Let us use it to give a higher character to our city, to send refining, purifying influences through every department of life. Let us especially use it to multiply good influences in those classes which are most exposed to temptation. Let us use it to prevent the propagation of crime from parent to child. Let us use it in behalf of those in whom our nature is most depressed, and who, if neglected, will probably bring on themselves the arm of penal law. Nothing is so just a cause of self-respect in a city as the healthy moral condition of those who are most exposed to crime. This is the best proof that the prosperous classes are wise, intelligent, and worthy of their prosperity. Crime is to the State what dangerous disease is to the human frame, and to expel it should be to the community an object of the deepest concern. This topic is so important that I cannot leave it without urging it on your serious thoughts.

Society has hitherto employed its energy chiefly to punish crime. It is infinitely more important to prevent it; and this I say not for the sake of those alone on whom the criminal preys. I do not think only or chiefly of those who suffer from crime. I plead also, and plead more, for those who perpetrate it. In moments of clear, calm thought, I feel more for the wrong-doer than for him who is wronged. In a case of theft, incomparably the most wretched man is he who steals, not he who is robbed. The innocent are not *undone* by acts of violence or fraud from which they suffer. They are innocent, though injured. They do not bear the brand of infamous crime, and no language can express the import of this distinction. When I visit the cell of a convict and see a human being who has sunk beneath his race, who is cast out by his race, whose name cannot be pronounced in his home or only pronounced to start a tear, who has forfeited the confidence of every friend, who has lost that spring of virtue and effort, the hope of esteem, whose conscience is burdened with irreparable guilt, who has hardened himself against the appeals of religion and love, here, here I see a Ruin. The man whom he has robbed or murdered, how much happier than he! What I want is, not merely that society should protect itself against crime, but that is shall do all that it can to preserve its exposed members from crime, and so do for the sake of these as truly as for its own. It should not suffer human nature to fall so deeply, so terribly if the ruin can be avoided. Society ought not to breed monsters in its bosom. If it will not use its prosperity to save the ignorant and poor from the blackest vice, if it will even quicken vice by its selfishness and luxury, its worship of wealth, its scorn of human nature, then it must suffer and deserves to suffer, from crime.

I would that, as a city, we might understand and feel how far we are chargeable with much of the crime and misery around us of which we complain. Is it not an acknowledged moral truth that we are answerable for all evil which we are able, but have failed, to prevent? Were Providence to put us in possession of a remedy for a man dying at our feet, and should we withhold it, would not the guilt of his death lie at our door? Are we not accessory to the destruction of the blind man who, in our sight, approaches a precipice, and whom we do not warn of his danger? On the same ground much of the guilt and misery around us must be imputed to ourselves. Why is it that so many children in a large city grow up in ignorance and vice? Because that city abandons them to ruinous influences, from which it might and ought to rescue them. Why is beggary so often transmitted from parent to child? Because the public and because individuals do little or nothing to break the fatal inheritance. Whence come many of the darkest crimes? From despondency, recklessness, and a pressure of suffering, which sympathy would have lightened. Human sympathy, Christian sympathy, were it to penetrate the dwellings of the ignorant, poor, and suffering, were its voice lifted up to encourage, guide, and console, and its arm stretched out to sustain, what a new world would it call into being! What a new city we would live in! How many victims of stern justice would become the living, joyful witness of the regenerating power of a wise Christian love!

In these remarks I have expressed sympathy with

the criminal, but do not imagine that I have any desire to screen him from that wise punishment which aims at once to reform offenders and protect society. The mercy which would turn aside the righteous penalties of law is, however unconsciously, a form of cruelty. As friends of the tempted part of the community, we should make the escape of the criminal next to hopeless. But let not society stop here. Let it use every means in its power of rescuing its members from the degradation and misery of crime and public punishment. Let it especially protect the exposed child. Here is a paramount duty which no community has yet fulfilled. If the child be left to grow up in utter ignorance of duty, of its Maker, of its relation to society, to grow up in an atmosphere of profaneness and intemperance, and in the practice of falsehood and fraud, let not the community complain of its crime. It has quietly looked on and seen him, year after year, arming himself against its order and peace; and who is most to blame, when at last he deals the guilty blow? A moral care over the tempted and ignorant portion of the State is a primary duty of society.

I know that objection will be made to this representation of duty. It will be said, by not a few: "We have not time to take care of others. We do our part in taking care of ourselves and our families. Let every man watch over his own household, and society will be at peace." I reply, first, this defense is not founded in truth. Very few can honestly say that they have no time or strength to spend beyond their families. How much time, thought, wealth, strength, is wasted, absolutely wasted, by a large proportion of every people! Were the will equal to the power, were there a fraternal concern for the falling and fallen members of the community, what an amount of energy would be spent in redeeming society from its terrible evils, without the slightest diminution of exertion at home!

But, still more, we defeat ourselves when we neglect the moral state of the city where we live, under pretence of caring for our families. How little may it profit you, my friends, that you labor at home, if in the next street, amidst haunts of vice, the incendiary, the thief, the ruffian, is learning his lesson or preparing his instruments of destruction? How little may it profit you that you are striving to educate your children, if around you the children of others are neglected, are contaminated with evil principles or impure passions? Where is it that our sons often receive the most powerful impulses? In the street, at school, from associates. Their ruin may be sealed by a young female brought up in the haunts of vice. Their first oaths may be echoes of profaneness which they hear from the sons of the abandoned. What is the great obstruction to our efforts for educating our children? It is the corruption around us. That corruption steals into our homes, and neutralizes the influence of home. We hope to keep our little circle pure amidst general impurity. This is like striving to keep our particular houses healthy when infection is raging around us. If an accumulation of filth in our neighborhood were sending forth foul stench and pestilential vapors on every side, we should not plead as a reason for letting it remain that we were striving to prevent a like accumulation within our own doors. Disease would not less certainly invade us because the source of it was not prepared by ourselves. The infection of moral evil is as perilous as that of the plague. We have a personal interest in the prevalence of order and good principles on every side. If any member of the social body suffer, all must suffer with it. This is Gods ordination and his merciful ordination. It is thus that he summons us to watch over our brother for his good. In this city, where the children are taught chiefly in public schools, all parents have peculiar reason for seeking that all classes of society be improved.

Let me add one more reply to the excuse for neglecting others, drawn from the necessity of attending to our own families. True, we must attend to our families but what is the great end which we should propose in regard to our children? Is it to train them up for themselves only? to shut them up in their own pleasures? to give them a knowledge by which they may serve their private interests? Should it not be our first care to breathe into them the spirit of Christians? to give them a generous interest in our race? to fit them to live and to die for their fellow-beings? Is not this the true education? And can we then educate them better than by giving them in our own persons examples of a true concern for our less prosperous fellow-creatures? Should not our common tones awaken in them sympathy with the poor and ignorant and depraved? Should not the influences of home fit them to go forth as the benefactors of their race? This is a Christian education. This is worth all accomplishments. Give to society a generous, disinterested son or daughter, and you will pay with interest the debt you owe it. Blessed is that home where such members are found, to be heads of future families and fountains of pure influence to the communities of which they form a part. In this respect our education is most deficient. Whilst we pay profusely for superficial accomplishments, very little is done to breathe a noble, heroic, self-sacrificing spirit into the young.

In reply to these remarks, ill-boding scepticism will cry out: "Why all this labor? Society cannot be improved. Its evils cannot be done away." But this croaking has little significance to one who believes in Christ, the divinely ordained regenerator of the world, and who compares, in the light of history, the present with past times. On these authorities, I maintain that society *can* be improved. I am confident that this city would become a new place, a new creation, were the intelligent and good to seek in earnest to spread their intelligence and goodness. We have powers enough here for a mighty change, were they faithfully used ..... No man has seized the grand peculiarity of the present age who does not see in it the means and material of a vast and beneficent social change. The revolution which we are called to advance has in truth begun. The great distinction of our times is a diffusion of intelligence and refinement and of the spirit of progress through a vastly wider sphere than formerly. The middle and laboring classes have means of improvement not dreamed of in earlier times; and why stop here? Why not increase these means where now enjoyed? Why not extend them where they are not possessed? Why shall any portion of the community be deprived of light, of sympathy, of the aids by which they may rise to comfort and virtue?

At the present moment it is singularly unreasonable to doubt and despair of the improvement of society.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

SUNDAY IN RICHMOND, VA.

Our next door neighbor was telling us of a Sunday he spent this winter in the old capital of the Southern Confederacy, and he was deeply impressed by the quiet and decorum of a day which he had "loved and lost awhile" in Chicago. He stopped at the most expensive and fashionable hotel in the city, and found the streets going by the hotel filled with well-dressed and cheerful crowds on their way to church. He went too. The sermon he heard was eloquent and tender, full of the marrow of the gospel, and it was listened to by a reverent congregation with manifest satisfaction. When he returned, well pleased, to his hotel, the dining room was full of guests whose attire showed their social standing, while in place of the usual orchestra (which he would have found at the north playing popular airs) he heard all the sweet and sacred melodies, dear to him from childhood, rendered by an orchestrion. It was the musicians' rest day, too. By the way, certain of the most bustling and prosperous cities of Canada observe the Christian Sabbath with equal reverence, and it is only because we have been, in the cities of our northern states, overwhelmed by foreign immigration that we have so largely lost what was a source of joy and vigor to our fathers. What our neighbors to the north of the lakes and South of the Ohio retain we may yet recover.—*The Advance.*

"Reports from Sofia," says *The Orient*, a missionary weekly published at Constantinople, "shows that the Turkish prisoners have been much surprised and gratified at their kind treatment in Bulgaria. A wounded officer was taken to the hospital trembling for fear of being killed. But after most tender and skillful treatment had put him on the road to recovery, he was even more amazed at the refusal of the authorities to take his proffered napoleon in payment for the operation. Our Bulgarian friends seem to be making good use of their opportunities of showing to the Ottoman prisoners that humane treatment which is an outgrowth of the Christian spirit. While war itself is anything but Christian, and the field of battle is a scene of carnage and destruction, the tender sympathy shown to wounded and other captives will do much to mitigate the horrors of warfare. Such a spirit, coupled with the work of the Red Cross agencies at the front and in Constantinople, should show to our Moslem brethren the real, deep significance of Christianity."

"There's never a rose in all the world
but makes some green spray sweeter,
There's never a wind in all the sky but
makes some bird wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to
heaven some silver radiance tender,
And never a rosy cloud but helps to
crown the sunset splendor.
No robin but may thrill some heart, his
dream like gladness voicing:
God gives us all some small, sweet way
to set the world rejoicing."

—*Exchange.*

Providence is placing before our eyes, in broad light, the success of efforts for the melioration of human affairs. I might refer to the change produced among ourselves within a few years by the exertions of good men for the suppression of intemperance, the very vice which seemed the most inveterate, and which, more than all others, spreads poverty and crime..... And is this an age in which to be sceptical as to radical changes in society as to the recovery of the mass of men from brutal ignorance and still more brutal vice?

The remarks which have now been made are needed at the present moment. Our city is growing, and we are impatient for its more rapid growth, as if size and numbers were happiness. We are anxious to swell our population. Is it not worth our while to inquire what kind of a population we are to gather here? Are we so blind as to be willing and anxious to repeat the experience of other cities? Are we willing to increase only our physical comforts, our material wealth? Do we not know that great cities have hitherto drawn together the abandoned? have bred a horde of ignorant, profligate, criminal poor? have been deformed by the horrible contrasts of luxury and famine, of splendor and abject woe? Do we not know that among the indigent and laborious classes of great cities the mortality is fearfully great in comparison with that of the country, a result to be traced to the pestilential atmosphere which these people breathe, to the filth, darkness, and dampness of their dwellings, to the suffering, comfortless condition of their children, and to the gross vices which spring up from ignorance and destitution? Do we want no better destiny for this our dear and honored metropolis? You will not suspect me of being a foe to what are called improvements. Let our city grow. Let railroads connect it with the distant West. Let commerce link it with the remotest East. But, whilst its wealth and numbers grow, let its means of intelligence, religion, virtue, domestic purity, and fraternal union grow faster. Let us be more anxious for moral than physical growth. May God withhold prosperity unless it is to be inspired, hallowed, ennobled by public spirit, by institutions for higher education, and by increasing concern of the enlightened and opulent for the ignorant and poor. If prosperity is to narrow and harden us, to divide us into castles of high and low, to corrupt the rich by extravagance and pride, and to create a more reckless class of poor, then God avert it from us. But prosperity need not be so abused. It admits of noble uses. It may multiply the means of good. It may multiply teachers of truth and virtue. It may make the desert places of society blossom as the rose. To this end may our prosperity be consecrated. Thus may we requite the Author of all good.

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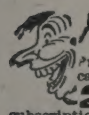

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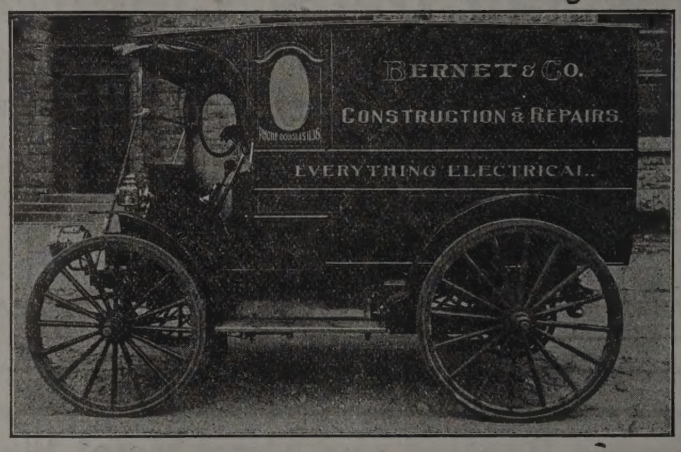

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